

THE LIGUORIAN



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AUGUST—1926

Per Year, \$2.00; Canada and Foreign, \$2.25; Single Copies, 20c
REDEMPTORIST FATHERS, Box A, OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

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HOW THEY LIKE US

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Subscription per year, \$2.00. Canada and Foreign, \$2.25. Single Copies, 20 cents.

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XIV.

AUGUST, 1926

No. 8

The Assumption

Sing, Stars, sing! across the nightly skies,—
The Mother of the Lord unto her Lord doth rise.

Blow, Lilies, blow! and with your fragrance keep
Sacred the tomb, where death was but a sleep.

Rejoice, oh Angel hosts! and weave a starry crown:
Lo! here your Queen, on clouds of silvery down.

Haste to the gates, and fling them wide this morn,
As through Heaven's courts the Virgin Queen is borne.

Oh, Sacred Heart! how fast thy pulses race
As Thy Mother yearns once more toward Thy embrace.

Chant, Cherubim! Heaven's most glorious lay
As Jesus bends to crown your Queen today.

Sing, too, sad Earth! mourn not that she is gone;
Her glory is our gain,—a Mother we have won.

Sing for our Queen, for now from heaven above
E'en as the skies,—o'er all extends her love.

T. Z. Austin, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE QUEST OF THE PRINCE CHARMING

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Father Casey, guess what I'm going to do some day," cried Ellen Carroway in one of her bursts of impetuosity.

"My child, no human being could guess what you are going to do the next minute—except, just in a general way, that it will be something quite foolish."

Not a whit daunted, the maid continued:

"I'll tell you. I'm going to get desperate and marry a non-Catholic."

If her purpose was to alarm him, she succeeded.

"Nell," he said, "I had always considered your faith genuine and solid. I never thought you would throw away your soul and the souls of your future children for the infatuation of the moment. But I suppose you would. Who is this wonderful man that means more to you than your God?"

The earnest tone suddenly assumed by the priest had an extraordinary effect. It made Miss Ellen serious for a second or two. She replied:

"No man does, or ever will, mean more to me than my God. And as for the 'wonderful man,' he hasn't rounded the corner yet. Still, you know, he might any moment. I was just thinking—"

"Thinking!" cried Father Casey. "Congratulations! See how long you can keep it up."

"I was thinking that a lot of this alarmist doctrine about mixed marriages is slightly overdrawn. I know, if I were married to a good, honest, broad-minded non-Catholic, I could be a good Catholic and could bring up my children good Catholics just about as well as if I were married to one of my own faith. The man is not of much assistance in this matter anyway."

"I have, in my time," returned the priest, "met many a stubborn, self-opinionated girl that *knew* that selfsame thing, but, in ninety cases out of a hundred, she knew different when it was too late to repair the life blunder. All she could then do was to warn other foolish girls who paid no more attention to the voice of experience than she had done herself."

"How can we marry Catholics? We don't know any. The only young men we really know are those who work in the office or frequent the office, and there is hardly a Catholic among them. Whenever I go to a dance or a show or a dinner, it is always with one of them. Then I spend practically all the time with him and so don't get acquainted with anybody else. How can I marry a Catholic when I don't know any?"

"You can get acquainted with them if you want to. Any girl can."

"But in what way?"

"In a hundred ways which you know far better than I can tell you. You are already acquainted with the Catholic boys in your own neighborhood."

"Huh, those boys," she sniffed; "they're no good."

"The trouble is, Nell, you have seen those boys grow up since they were children. You know all about them, and so you can't weave any tender romance around them as you can around the prince charming who blows into the office from New York or Boston. You and your family have gossiped about them and their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and aunts and cousins. You have laughed at their fads and oddities—even at their improvement in looks and speech and dress. Your pride is what prevents you from considering them."

"Father, you yourself know several, at least, that are no good. Can you imagine Pete Craws, for instance, ever becoming a sober, honest, respectable man, a trustworthy husband, the true father of a Christian family? Or Oliver Dooner? Or Mike O'Leary?"

"Are you quite sure those stunning strangers have not faults, aye, and vices, just as bad? Haven't you seen cases—plenty of them—where a handsome, polite, efficient young man came to our town, made a great impression on the ladies, and finally married some good Catholic girl—and then broke her heart and ruined her life? How about your own sister—?"

"Dear me!" she sighed in thorough self-pity. "If we marry a boy we know, we are pretty sure to be unhappy; if we marry one we don't know, we are pretty sure to be unhappy. What can we do?"

"That is simply a proof of what we have tried so long and vainly to get into your scatter-brained heads: Courtship is the process of deciding whether or not to choose a certain man as husband. And upon the choice of husband depends whether or not the remainder of

your life is to be happy or wretched. Which all shows what a serious matter courtship is. And yet you *will* go on treating it as a huge joke—an occasion to have some foolish fellow spend his money for your diversion. If you end up by finding yourself irrevocably joined for life to some worthless wretch whom you can neither love nor respect, we could say: 'Serves her right; why didn't she listen to reason?'

"But how can we ever know, even if we do take courtship seriously? The meekest suitor may turn out to be crosser than a bear with a sore head; the man who seems the most honest, may be simply an accomplished crook; the devoted lover you think will be loyal till death, may desert you for another before you are married a month. Father, for heaven's sake, is there no assurance that the man we marry will be fit to live with?"

"Yes, you can get one assurance, if you have sense enough to require it. I do not say this assurance is infallible, but it is nearly so."

"What is it?"

"Marry none but a thorough Catholic."

"Oh, that!" muttered Nell disgustedly. She had been keyed up for some startling revelation. "Why, I know lots of Catholic husbands who turned out no good."

"I did not say, 'a Catholic,'" corrected the priest. "I said, 'a thorough Catholic.' How many such did you know to turn out worthless?"

"What do you mean, Father, by a thorough Catholic?" she asked.

"I mean a man who lives up to—no, let me put it differently, for one must know a thing before one appreciates it—I mean a man who knows his religion, one, therefore, who is not satisfied with the baby knowledge he got when he made his First Communion, but who continues to read and acquire knowledge of the teachings of his religion and the heroes of his Church, one who is able to give a lucid explanation of what he believes and why he believes it, one who, knowing his religion, loves and prizes it above anything else in the world, one who shows his love for his religion by practicing it faithfully and by taking a live and active part in works and organizations instituted for its benefit, one who receives Communion as often as he possibly can, not through habit, but because he knows he needs it and because he loves Our Lord too much to stay away from Him. That is what I mean by a thorough Catholic. And I say that, if you marry such a man, you will have

very good assurance that he will prove a loyal husband and a model father."

"Oh, Father, how many such boys are there?"

"I don't claim you will find them growing on every bush. But there are plenty of them, and there would be more of them if there were more girls of solid faith and piety. If you consider that your life's happiness is important enough to go to considerable pains to assure it, you will look for a husband of this stamp, and you will find him."

"But, Father, I told you a while ago that we can't get acquainted with any Catholic boys, much less with such paragons of perfection as the one you described."

"And I told you you could find a hundred ways of getting acquainted with them, if you really wanted to," countered the priest.

"Tell me just one of these hundred ways," she challenged.

"Come, come, that is not fair. I said *you* could find ways, and I know you can. I did not say I could find them for you. However, I'll just take your dare. Here is one way: Go back to the simple life."

"The simple life? What do you mean by the simple life? What has the simple life got to do with Catholic husbands?"

"Steady now. One question at a time," protested the priest. "Go back to the simple life. Learn to be at home with simple people. Cultivate satisfaction in simple pleasures. Give up this hankering to be treated to shows and fancy balls and midnight suppers and auto rides and costly gifts. Neighbor with your Catholic neighbors. Wherever there is a Catholic parish, there must be a goodly number of Catholic families. If there is not a Catholic parish in the place where you are, you have no business there. Your faith is worth more than any financial benefits you might derive from living in such a place. Let these Catholic families seek their pleasure and recreation in mutual visits—in parties and games and innocent dances in one another's houses and one another's yards. In this way a great many Catholic boys and girls will learn to know each other, and it will be strange if a good Catholic girl cannot find a good Catholic boy who will make a worthy husband."

"What! Have parties with all the Catholics in the neighborhood! Oh, Father, you don't expect us to do that!"

"Well, perhaps I don't *expect* it. If our girls are too proud to associate with anybody they consider outside their class, even though

these people are united to them by the noblest of all bonds, the royal fellowship of the one true faith, if our girls are too lazy to do their share of the hard work required to make their home the frequent gathering place of the neighboring families, if they are too selfish to expend their charms in acts of whole-souled kindness toward old people and children, if they are too extravagant to forego expensive amusements for neighborhood get-togethers, old-fashioned games, and homely dances, if they are too sensual to appreciate the safe and wholesome companionship of young men under their parents' eyes, but hanker to be toying with danger in the lonely auto rides or the midnight cabaret, if they are too worldly to sacrifice any of the sweets of this pagan age in order to safeguard their faith and the faith of their future children—if our girls are such, no, I do not expect it. However, I have taken up your challenge; I have told you how it can be done.”

“Father, you always demand so much.”

“Ask the woman who is unhappily married whether it is *too* much. If she could live over the past and, at the price I have indicated, secure a husband who would help her to be really happy in this world and happy in the next, ask her whether she would count it too much,” said Father Casey.

STEPS IN ADVANCEMENT

The following is a formula for spiritual progress in daily life which St. Francis de Sales gives:

“To conform to the different characters of the persons with whom we associate; to bear their disagreeable and unpolished manners, which annoy and disgust; to contradict our natural aversions; to conquer our antipathies; to acknowledge our faults, and to receive with humility the confusion resulting from them; to correct our natural variabilities of temper, and be continually on our guard against the obstacles which oppose the peace of our souls; joyfully to receive contempt and censure;—all this when embraced through love and animated by holy preferences, contributes more than we are aware to our spiritual advancement.”

It takes some people so long to find out what they want that the necessity for wanting it ceases to exist before they get it.

Enclosed Gardens

A RETREAT TO LEPERS

T. A. MURPHY, C.Ss.R.

To most people the word leprosy recalls the mercy of Our Lord in healing the dread disease; or the glorious work of the Church in the middle ages when her leper hospitals and leper orders did so much to free Europe from the living death. But in some lands leprosy is still present in all its terrible reality. The Philippine Archipelago has it to a certain extent. The big central leper colony of Culion counts patients by the thousand and there are besides some smaller stations where less serious cases are treated. It is a retreat to one of these smaller stations that this paper would describe.

The patients usually number about one hundred and fifty. Happily some are always being cured and return to their homes; while some grow worse and are sent to Culion. Once every year the Redemptorist Fathers of Opon are asked to give them a few days' retreat, to hear their confessions, say Mass for them and give them Holy Communion. Some of the secular priests assist the missionaries in the work of the confessions.

The station consists of one stone building where very advanced patients are received and some eight or ten nipa-and-bamboo shacks where the ordinary patients live. The whole is surrounded by a barbed-wire fence and is guarded day and night by a detachment of the constabulary. The patients are, of course, under medical care and are visited daily by a health inspector. No patient is allowed to leave the enclosure and no outsider is allowed in without special permit.

Armed with this permit, the Father appointed to give the retreat enters the enclosure and gathers as many as possible of the lepers together into a little nipa-roofed hall which is used as a dispensary. They gather around him, many of them being just overjoyed at his presence, and his little informal talk begins, not, of course, without a prayer and a mission-hymn. They nearly all know the mission-hymn to our Blessed Lady and some of them know other mission-hymns as well. Most of them, if not all, have at one time or another attended missions given by the Redemptorist Fathers. A hymn from leper lips must surely find an easy way to heaven. Our Lady is often honored by skilled choirs in majestic churches, but it may well be doubted if any

choir is more pleasing to her than that of her poor children with the most terrible of all diseases who stand there in the moonlight mingling their voices with the murmur of the Pacific.

When the Father's little sermon is finished, he tells his audience that he will return on the morrow and, as the retreat never lasts more than two days, that confessions will begin also on the day following. As he returns to the entrance of the enclosure his poor friends surround him and many an urgent request is made for medals, crucifixes, Agnus Deis, rosaries, magazines, novenas, and pictures, especially pictures of our Lady of Perpetual Help. The Father has, of course, a little supply of presents. Sometimes he gives a medal or a cross to each patient after confession. Sometimes he gives his presents to one of the number for distribution to all. (This method has many advantages, one being that it prevents the eager crowd from pressing too close upon him.) Sometimes, of course, he gives a few presents here and there among his little flock and many a hearty laugh he hears as someone is fortunate enough to secure an extra medal or Agnus Dei. Indeed, to see the cheerful faces around one, one would think the lepers knew nothing of sorrow or a fight for life, but the poor disease-eaten hands that are sometimes stretched out to receive a gift tell a terrible tale of suffering.

About nine o'clock the next day, when the patients' breakfast is over, the Father returns for another "talk" and then the confessions begin. At the entrance side of the enclosure there is a covered way where the lepers receive their friends. The visitors stay at one side of the barbed wire and the patients at the other. Under this covered way the confessions, too, are heard, the priest and penitent being separated by the barbed-wire fence.

Outside confession the priest, in chatting with the patients, learns many curious facts with regard to the dread disease. No one seems to know how he or she contracted the malady. Indeed, medical science seems unable to tell how it is communicated. The patients are of all ages from children of seven or eight years of age to old men and women. They come from all ranks of life and quite a number of them are students who speak English and are very glad to receive Catholic magazines. Several copies of the LIGUORIAN, by the way, have found them out and have helped them to profitably pass the time that must hang so heavily on their hands.

The Redemptorist who preaches to them finds that they have come from practically every parish where he has given a mission. "Do you remember me, Father?" one poor patient asked recently. He added: "It was I who cooked for you at the mission of X, and then I accompanied you to Y to cook there also." Quite a large percentage of patients come from the Father's own parish of Opon with its 22,000 inhabitants. Opon has, in fact, perhaps the highest percentage of any parish in the Visayas.

While the confessions are being heard, a little bamboo chapel is constructed outside the wire enclosure and there Mass is said on the last morning of the retreat. The patients receive Holy Communion on their side without leaving the enclosure. A few Seminarists generally come from their *Casa del Campo*, which is only a short distance away, to add solemnity to the Mass for the lepers. They bring a little organ with them and play and sing during the Mass.

Occasionally a difficulty arises with regard to the confession of some of the patients. For one reason or another they do not wish that the fact of their having contracted the malady should be known and are, therefore, shy of going to confession where people passing the public road could see them. So they beg for confession in the houses where they live. What can the Father do but accede to their request?

An American Presbyterian proselytiser, or some of his men, or his women followers, take their stand on the outside of the wire fence every Sunday and preach in at the poor lepers. There is little danger of their winning many of them to the Chaos of Protestantism, but there is danger of their upsetting the entire Christian faith of some of the poor sufferers.

When will well-meaning American Protestants realize that the proselytising carried on with such expense by American non-Catholic societies in the Philippines, is not making Protestants of the Filipinos, but ruining their Christian faith? Loss of all religion is in most cases the visible fruit of the work of the proselytiser.

In conclusion, the reader is asked for a little prayer for those who suffer from this terrible malady. Be it remembered that they are cut off from home and friends and from most of the amusements of ordinary life. They are condemned to live in the confined space allotted to them; and they are forever uncertain what the future will bring.

The Maid of Orleans

XXVI. AT THE BAR OF JUSTICE BLINDFOLD

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

It would be impossible to go over even summarily the endless interrogations through which the Maid was put during these five trying months. They would have worn out a strong man; no wonder that several times Joan seemed to be on the verge of a collapse, and yet, her replies were often so noble, so brave and so wise, yet so free from all conceit, that we cannot help quoting them. They are in themselves evidence that this girl could have been under no influence except the most high.

How the interrogations were conducted may be gleaned in general from an account of the trial written by the scribe of the court. He says:

"There was a constant tumult in the room. The questioners, who thought that by merely opening their mouths they could confuse Joan, interrupted her at every word when she dared to reply. Several assessors would put difficult questions to her at the same time, and before she could answer one, another put another question, so that Joan at last said: 'One after the other, please.' I was astonished that she could answer the subtle and captious questions put to her. A man of the schools could hardly have answered them."

We must note here in passing that, when later, this same scribe compared his notes with those of the official secretaries of Cauchon, he found that they had so garbled Joan's replies as to make them all hurtful to her cause. But enough of this.

The first public session was held on February 21. The interrogations lasted three hours in the morning and three hours in the afternoon, a veritable third degree. She was asked about her Voices, their appearance, their language, the instruction they gave her, her visit to Baudricourt, and to the King at Chinon.

Her invariable answer to questions about her Voices was:

"I believe firmly, as firmly as I believe the Christian Faith and that Jesus redeemed us from the pains of hell, that my Voices came from God and at His command."

"What did your Voices teach you?" she was asked.

"They instructed me to be good and to visit the church frequently. They also told me that I must go to France. They told me that I must raise the siege of Orleans. 'Go,' they said, 'to Robert of Baudricourt, and he will give you men to accompany you on the way.' I answered that I was but a poor girl and knew nothing about riding or warfare."

"And what did you do then?" they pursued.

"I went. Baudricourt made the men swear that they would lead me safely and surely, and at my departure, he said: 'Go, and let happen what may.'"

"When did your Voices appear to you last?" they asked.

"Yesterday evening, and they told me to answer bravely," she replied looking straight at the Bishop.

At the third session, the wily questioner, after a long and grueling interrogation which must have worn her out fearfully, weak as she was, for she admitted that she had eaten nothing since noon of the preceding day, suddenly put to her the captious question:

"Are you in the state of grace?"

At this there was a noisy murmur of dissent even among these men who were more or less hostile to the Maid, but who could not fail to see here an ignoble attempt to invade the conscience of the accused. One of them rose to protest:

"That is a very grave question and no one has a right to put it."

"You had better be silent!" cried Cauchon, and let the question stand. Joan, after a moment's recollection, replied steadily:

"If I am, may God keep me in it; if I am not, may God put me in it. I would grieve more than for the whole world if I knew that I am not. If I were in sin, I do not believe my Voices would come to me. I wish every one of you could hear these Voices as well as I."

"Why, then, do you go to confession so often?"

"One can never cleanse one's conscience too often," she answered. Could anything be more correct, more humble and more sublime?" It drew a cry of admiration from some of the jury. "Fine, Joan," they exclaimed. Cauchon took good note of the men who spoke. They were not present at the following sessions.

"Do your Saints hate the English?" she was asked.

"They hate what God hates and love what God loves," was Joan's reply.

"Does God, then, hate the English?" pursued the relentless ques-

tioners. Joan, as she often did, tried to parry their thrust by asking what this had to do with her trial. On being pressed she finally responded:

"Of the love or hatred which God bears the English, or what He means to do to their souls, I know nothing, but I do know that they will all be driven out of the realm of France, all except those who die there." A noble and brave answer.

They accused her of having prevented negotiations for peace.

"No," she replied with bravery that almost bordered on hardihood in her position, "I did all in my power to make peace with the Duke of Burgundy. As for the English, the peace to be made with them is, that they go back to their own country of England."

They tried to prove that she had practiced superstition or sorcery with her rings or a piece of mandragore (a tree to which some superstition was attached among the peasants of those times).

"Have you any rings?" they asked.

"You have one of mine," she answered, facing Cauchon. "Give it back to me. The Burgundians have another. But you, Bishop, if you have my ring I beg you give it back."

"Who gave you the ring the Burgundians have?"

"My father and my mother. If I remember rightly, the names of Jesus and Mary were engraved on it. I do not know who had them engraved. There isn't any stone in this ring. It was given me at Domremy. My brother gave me the other, which you have, Bishop, and I beg you give it to the Church."

"Did you pretend to heal people with your rings?"

"I never tried to heal anyone with any of my rings."

"What did you do with your mandragore?"

"I have none," Joan answered, "and never had any. I heard there was a mandragore near our village, but I never saw one. I don't see what purpose it could serve, though I have heard talk about it."

"For what purpose, were you told, does the mandragore serve?"

"They say it will bring you money; but I do not believe anything of the kind."

Asked whether she placed her confidence more in her banner than in her sword, she answered:

"My trust was neither in my sword nor in my banner; but was wholly in God."

"Did your Voices promise to deliver you from your prison?"

"Speak to me in three months," said Joan gravely, "then I shall tell you. Anyway, ask the jury, please, whether this has anything to do with the trial!"

In three months to the day, Joan was freed from her prison, but it was by her martyrdom. Brave girl, she seemed to know clearly what was before her.

XXVII. BY FOUL MEANS

During the long weary days of her captivity, Joan was deprived of every spiritual comfort her devotion craved.

Thus, on her way from her prison cell to the chamber where the public trial was held, she had to pass a small chapel. Turning to her guard she asked whether the Blessed Sacrament was reserved in it.

"May I stop at the door for a brief prayer?" she asked.

The guard permitting, Joan approached the door, but, like Mary Magdalene, she was looking for Our Lord.

"Is the Body of Jesus there?" she inquired again. On being assured a second time, she fell on her knees at the threshold and remained some time in deep adoration. When this occurrence came to the knowledge of Estivet, one of the ring leaders in the trial, he rebuked the guard roundly:

"You knave, how dared you, without permission, let this woman of evil life, this excommunicated woman, approach the holy place? I'll have you locked up in a cell where you won't see the sun or moon for a month."

The guard, however, paid no attention to the reprimand till Cauchon himself stepped in and forbade him to permit Joan to kneel at the chapel door. Fear of this unfeeling man made him obey.

Her plea to attend Mass and receive Communion on Easter day is particularly touching. They refused to allow it unless she put on woman's dress. But Joan replied:

"This is not in my power; if I could, I would do it at once." She was willing to put a dress on over her soldier's garb; but this did not satisfy her persecutors. She refused to change except at the counsel of her Voices and as long as she remained in the custody of the rough soldiers, her Voices would not counsel it.

They also tried every form of deception on her in their effort to find a pretext for condemning her.

One day in the course of the terrible grilling she was put through almost daily, Warwick and Stafford, the English lords, entered her cell.

"Joan," said one, "we are come to ransom you on condition that you never again take up arms against us."

"Do not mock me," replied the girl, "for you have neither the power nor the will to ransom me. I know full well that these English mean to kill me, believing that after my death they will regain the kingdom of France; but let them know that if there were a hundred thousand more English than there are now, they will not be able to keep even what they have already won."

Stafford, in a rage, tried to stab her, defenseless as she was and chained to a block; but Warwick prevented it.

On another occasion, Loyseleur, a priest, at Cauchon's bidding, presented himself before Joan in her prison, in the guise of a fellow captive as devoted to the cause of France as she herself was and as her spiritual adviser. While he spoke to the unsuspecting girl, Cauchon and Warwick were in hiding within earshot, ready to take down in writing any confidences she might give the treacherous Loyseleur. And this same Loyseleur, who had so unworthily betrayed his office, was the only confessor they allowed Joan during almost the whole of her captivity. Loyseleur, it later became known, gave her advice that would only hasten her condemnation.

Toward the end of April the Maid, completely worn out by fatigue and anxiety, by close confinement and brutal treatment, fell seriously ill. This alarmed her enemies. The Earl of Warwick at once sent for the best physician in Rouen.

"My King has bought her dear and holds her dear," he said to him, "and would not on any account that she died any death save by the hands of justice at the stake."

She was well treated. Her chains were removed for the time being. She thought she was dying and asked for the Last Sacraments. Cauchon saw his chance—a cruel chance.

"Communion will be brought to you," he said to her, "if you confess the truth of the charges brought against you; otherwise you must die without Communion." Could greater brutality be imagined? Joan wearily repeated her refusal to perjure herself and turned away from the man.

With the doctor's careful treatment she was soon on the mend, but

was at once subjected to a new trial. She was led into the torture-chamber. The instruments of the torture were displayed before her and the executioners called to subject her to torture in order to wring from her a confession. Cauchon was present.

"If you now refuse to speak the truth," he warned her, "you will be put to the torture. You see before you the instruments that are prepared and near them stand the executioners ready to do their office at our command. You will be tortured in order that you may be led into the way of truth, and for the salvation of your soul, which you have exposed to such great peril by your lies."

The Maid shuddered at the spectacle. She was naturally sensitive to pain as we saw when she was wounded at Orleans. She probably knew her weakness, too, and that pain might wring from her some compromising answer. She, therefore, protested:

"Even if you tear me limb from limb, and even if you kill me, I will not say anything different from what I have said. And even if the pain were to make me do so, I should afterwards declare that it was only because of the torture that I said anything different."

Probably because of her still delicate condition the torture was not applied. Much was made of her submission to the Church.

"Will you," they asked, "in all your words and actions, either good or bad, submit to the decision of our Holy Mother, the Church?"

"The Church!" replied Joan fervently. "I love it, and I would support it with all my power for our Christian Faith. I ought not to be hindered from going to church and from attending Mass."

"Do you submit to the decision of the Church?" her questioners persisted. In Cauchon's mouth, the term "decisions of the Church" seemed to Joan to mean nothing else than his miserable tribunal. So she replied:

"I submit to Our Lord who has sent me, to Our Lady and all the Saints of Paradise."

"Then you do not submit to the Church?"

"I believe," she made answer, "that Our Lord and the Church are one, and I cannot see why you make so much difficulty about it."

They were not satisfied and still plied her with questions, till at last Joan said wearily:

"Lead me to the Pope and I shall tell him all I may." Of course,

this was far from their minds; they knew their case would not stand investigation.

What supported this poor nineteen-year-old girl during the long months of this terrible ordeal was the daily visit of her Voices. As soon as her tormentors left her, her heavenly visitors came to console her and encourage her. She asked them whether she would really be burned alive.

"Commit thy way to the Lord," they replied, "and trust Him. Take all patiently and be not solicitous about thy martyrdom, for thou shalt come finally to Paradise." To them Joan turned for counsel in everything.

"I always answered just what my Voices told me to answer," she told the court. "There is no day that I do not hear them, and indeed. I sorely need their help. I should die without these Voices which comfort me every day."

"How do you invoke them?" she was asked.

"I say thus," she replied simply: "'Most sweet God, in honor of Thy Sacred Passion, I beg of Thee, if Thou lovest me, tell me what I am to answer,' and then the Voices come to me at once."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TWO FUTURE POPES MEET

A curious and interesting little story reaches the *London Universe* from an Italian correspondent, who does not usually report mere gossip. He writes:

"One morning some thirty years ago, a strange priest knocked at the door of the Bishop's house in Mantua, Italy. Having received no answer, he was trying to open the door, when it was opened by the Bishop himself, coffee cup in hand. 'Excuse me, my Lord,' said the stranger, 'for disturbing you. I am Don Ratti, the librarian at Milan. I have just said Mass in your Cathedral, and could not leave without calling on you.' 'Well,' said the Bishop, 'if you have just finished Mass, you must have breakfast with me. Only, you must help to get it, because my sister, who looks after my house, is not back yet. Come!' And, cup in hand, he conducted his guest to the kitchen, where they found some dry bread and warmed a little coffee. So they breakfasted together. The Bishop became Pope Pius X, the priest Pope Pius XI. The Bishop's housekeeper was his sister, Anna Sarto, who died recently in Rome."

The Student Abroad

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN ROME

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Thursday, May 13, witnessed the climax of a triumphant celebration in Rome, a triumph of conquest, a conquest that is thorough and overwhelming. The Stars and Stripes flew gaily in the breeze beside the Italian tricolor; the band played the Star-Spangled Banner; thousands of "conquered" Italians, young and old, raised their hands in the Roman salute as they passed a reviewing stand and made the peaceful quiet of the region of St. Peter's and the Janiculum reecho with their cheers. Fourteen members of the College of Cardinals smiled their happiness; a host of representatives of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Vatican looked on in silent admiration at the thrilling spectacle; journalists and staff photographers dashed hither and thither, taking advantage of this unusual opportunity to get select views of the world's greatest.

Some years ago, when the World War had left Italy poor in resources, racked with internal suffering, burdened with thousands of wounded and maimed and rent with political dissension fomented by the insidious machinations of Socialistic Propaganda, there came another "army" of American dollars under the generalship of American genius, to strike at the very heart of Italy, her Faith. The methods used were the same that wrought so much damage in Texas and the southwest of the United States, the same that did so much damage in the Philippines: soft words, soup-ladles, opportunities for pleasure, and propaganda. But at the same time, an organization, born in the throes of persecution in America, had prospered and grown, till the same World War brought it to the fore, as the chief lay champion of Catholic interests. Blessed of God, it numbered more than 600,000 members when the Holy Father, viewing in dismay, the new danger that had come to His children, a danger far greater than the dangers of war because more intangible and more insidious, turned to this new order of chivalry with which Providence had provided him, and asked them to take up the new battle, fighting dollars with dollars and American genius with American genius.

The appeal was a command and the command rang over the sea and the response was immediate. A million dollars was subscribed at once. The Knights of Columbus, barely finished with the gigantic efforts called

forth in the World War, were back in action. About the same time, a certain American benevolent association printed a pamphlet—in Italian—and spread it among the people in Rome. It purported to explain the source of the magic fund. The old bromide was dragged out of its coffin; the Knights of Columbus had side-tracked a large proportion of the funds entrusted to them by the American people for war work, to found and foster this new social work in Rome! There were no American veterans here then to give the report the lie; to tell of the slogan that was known on every war front, the slogan of the K. of C. hut; "Everybody Welcome and Everything *Free*." So the secret had to come out; over night, the Knights themselves had answered their leaders by subscribing the full amount, each Knight giving at least a dollar. In an incredibly short time a select, very select crew of officers was put at the head of the army of dollars, and the new struggle was on.

Difficulties of every imaginable type confronted the workers. For instance, in the case of the playground near San Lorenzo, the most favorable location obtainable, was an immense hole. Today, the spacious club-house on the grounds stands on a thirty-foot "fill." Beyond the limits of the spacious field, the ground dropping away to the original levels, gives a good idea of the engineering problem that has been solved. The district, too, then was not in the best shape. The quarter was considered the worst section of Rome; Socialism was rampant. In fact, when the Fascisti entered Rome, the only real trouble that occurred was in this region. Irreligion and ignorance united in making the place unpromising. But Mussolini expelled the Socialists; Pope Pius X, of holy memory, built a parish church and school and also a trade-school, and the Knights of Columbus put in the playground, and reconstruction was complete. Today, instead of thronging the streets, the children, boys and girls, can enjoy themselves under the direction of trained teachers, with all the equipment that characterizes the most up-to-date American playground. Two football fields, a basket ball court, etc., for the big boys, swings and slides and turning poles for the little ones, make up the bulk of the equipment.

The playground at San Lorenzo was formally opened on Sunday, May 9, with his eminence, Cardinal Vanutelli, dean of the Sacred College, officiating. In spite of the uncertain weather prevailing that day, the venerable Prelate would not miss this opportunity of witnessing, and taking a leading part in this celebration of another phase of Rome's

new renaissance. This was the fourth playground that had been put in operation since the Knights came to Rome. It remained but to open the fifth and the work was done, at least for the present.

The "Campo Sportivo Pio XI" is situated on the Gelsomine Hill, probably the highest hill in Rome, certainly one of the most picturesque. To the East the Janiculum rises with its beautiful drives and its villas; to the North, the Vatican Gardens and the superb pile of St. Peter's, viewed, however, from the rear. Farther to the left, and so still North, there is a deep valley between the Vatican and Monte Mario—the Monte Mario rendered famous by the abortive efforts of certain American sectaries to erect a sort of spite edifice that would look down on St. Peter's the while it "ministered" to the enlightening of ignorant Italian Catholics. Through the valley, as viewed from the new playground, a magnificent view is had of the northern section of the Campagna. To the south and west the country is rolling, with steep hills and crowded valleys; several of which have been taken over entirely by various factories. Apparently there is promise of industrial development in this direction.

To form this hill into a playground, the Knights had just the opposite type of problem to that which they encountered at San Lorenzo. Here the crest of the hill had to be cut away and the slopes built up. The result is a unique field, with two excellent tennis courts on one terrace, also a splendid football field; then a playground with its equipment for small children on another level; over to one side, a group of gymnasium instruments; then on another and the principal level, another football field, a basket ball court and an excellent track. The crowning feature of the work is a splendid club-house.

Arriving at the field on the day of the inauguration, one was astonished at the vast crowd of people and children that had assembled there. In spite of the difficulties attendant on reaching the field, for only one street leads directly to the entrance and only one car line comes anywhere near the spot, there were thousands of enthusiastic Romans awaiting the opening of the ceremonies long before the hour set.

Carabinieri in festal uniform, traffic officers, too, with the extra trimmings they put on for big occasions, handled the motor traffic with a precision that was admirable under the circumstances. Within the grounds, special assistants trained for the occasion, aided by the Italian boy scouts, marshalled the crowd into the places marked out for them.

Out on the field, thousands of boys and girls in the uniforms of various schools, parishes or playground units, were gathered in their respective groups, each with its teacher or leader near by to give directions and preserve order. It was an interesting sight to see a brown-robed, sandaled, and bearded monk, leading a large group of restless young athletes, or a Sister of Charity with the familiar white coronet, keeping a little mob of tiny girls quiet while the bands were playing. It was more than interesting, it was inspiring. And the uniforms; there were university students there, wearing caps distinctive of their profession, something like the caps used by Freshmen in America. Students are the same the world over; these were assembled together, close to the track where the parade was to take place, for some of their confreres were taking part in the track events, and they were there to cheer. Future lawyers, doctors, engineers, captains of finance—they were boys today. One of them, looking toward St. Peter's, asked me if I thought the Holy Father was able to watch the celebration from there. Thoughtful, wasn't it? For it is from this hill that one appreciates how small the Vatican Gardens are, and how very much a prisoner the Holy Father is in the Vatican. I assured the boy that His Holiness not only could see the field from his Palace, but that I had no doubt he was watching the events with the greatest interest.

Shortly before the hour set for the blessing of the field, the Cardinals began to arrive. They were received by Mr. Edward Hearn, head of the Knights of Columbus work in Rome, and commissioner of the Knights of Columbus in Europe, assisted by Mr. Galeazzi, the engineer who planned the fields and buildings, and by the genial secretary, Mr. Andreoli, who is well known to the thousands of American visitors to Rome during the past year, who called at the Knights of Columbus headquarters for assistance or guidance. Usually the head of a work of this kind merely supervises and leaves the real work to others; this, however, has been necessarily an exception. Mr. Hearn, it may be said without rhetorical flourish, has labored like a Trojan, watching every move that has been made, planning, directing, urging, rectifying, for the standard set was "nothing but the best" and the natural tendency is toward the line of least resistance and "something just as good." Even on this day of days, his ingenuity was taxed, for in addition to his duties as host—and rarely has a host a larger number of more distinguished guests to welcome—he had to be a sort of central bureau of

information for the host of assistants. One thing is sure, the Knights of Columbus have reason to be proud of their official representative in Rome, and it is not a Knight of Columbus who is writing this!

His Eminence, Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, "was pleased and honored" at receiving the invitation to preside at the ceremony of blessing the field. With him were all the members of the Sacred College who were not hampered by previous engagements. Cardinal Vanutelli, much to his sorrow, was unable to attend, due to a religious function at which he had to be present. And his regret was not a matter of mere courtesy; for on the previous occasion, none had derived keener enjoyment from the spectacle of thousands of Roman children playing their games and going through their gymnastic exercises than did the venerable Cardinal Vanutelli.

With the Cardinal Secretary of State were their eminences: Cardinal Vico, Cardinal Ragonesi, Cardinal Fruhwirth, Cardinal Lega, Cardinal Locatelli, the lately chosen Cardinal Enrico Gasparri, Cardinal Bisleti, Cardinal Sincero, Cardinal Mori, Cardinal Ehrle, Cardinal Lucidi, and Cardinal Galli. This assemblage alone would be sufficient to stamp the occasion as a memorable one. But there was more than mere bodily presence; their eminences took the keenest delight in every feature of the program. In fact, to an American observer, interested in this purely American work, it seemed as though the enjoyment of the illustrious visitors fully equaled that of the thousands for whom the playground was intended.

And no wonder, for it was a sight never to be forgotten. From every point of vantage along the grounds and on the club-house, the Italian and American flags waved in the sunshine and the refreshingly cool breeze. At intervals there were the flags of the various American and Canadian councils. At first the latter caused inquiry among the Irish-Americans present, one asking confidentially, "What's the idea of all those English flags?" He had failed to notice the Canadian maple leaf in one corner. And to lend still more atmosphere, a very good band, from the San Lorenzo quarter, played the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Meanwhile the units on the campus itself had been organized, and the moment arrived for the blessing. Clad in Cope and Mitre, His Eminence, Cardinal Gasparri, accompanied by several Monsignori, blessed the field, then marched around a section of it, reciting prayers

as he went. With the religious ceremony over, the boys and girls were arranged for the gigantic parade, which began as soon as his eminence had returned to the reviewing stand. Husky little athletes strode in the van, larger boys, all ready for the track events, then other uniformed units, each carrying its banner with all the medals won by its members, attached to the silken folds. As each unit drew in front of the grandstand, right hands were raised in the "Roman" salute, heads were turned sharply "right," and colors were dipped gracefully. Then came the feature, the little girls in their white dresses and big hair ribbons. One unit wore blue, another green; the green received a great hand from the American visitors. But it was a delightful sight to see the little tots struggle bravely to keep their lines straight as they tried to march around the curve, and turn their heads toward the Cardinals according to command, and at the same time keep their little right hands raised in salute. It was almost a day's work in itself, but what a storm of applause they received.

Following the parade, there were calisthenics by an assembly of the various male units present. From end to end of the big football field, the serried lines of athletes extended, each outfit distinguished by its proper uniform. The feature of the afternoon was a fine game of football, played with plenty of speed. The Italians are good at soccer football and play it practically all the year round. Basket ball, on the other hand, seems something new. At San Lorenzo they played basket ball, and it really seemed as though the players would have preferred to use their heads and feet as in soccer rather than their hands. During the football game, an extra thrill was provided by a snappy relay race around the new track.

So two of the five playgrounds begun by the Knights in Rome were inaugurated. Interesting though the occasions were, they gave merely an indication of the wonderful work that has been done.

Starting with the grounds on the Geisomine Hill, one can make a complete circuit of Rome by traveling from playground to playground. Next in order, for instance, proceeding toward St. Peter's, is St. Peter's Oratory, adjoining the Vatican grounds. Here the plant includes, besides the spacious playground, a theater, a chapel for boys, a chapel for girls, and a large and thoroughly equipped gymnasium. This section of the city is very congested and the playground was badly needed. Crossing the Tiber, beyond St. Peter's, one soon comes to the latest

undertaking, a combined playground and swimming place. The Italian government, cooperating with the Knights, granted the land necessary at a nominal sum. Here the work is still in progress. When complete, the plant will include a floating bath-house and dock, where the boys can get a good, clean swim in the Tiber, before the water has passed through the city on its way to the sea, and a gymnasium on shore. The entire area here is about 10,000 square meters. The equipment installed here will be similar to that in the other playgrounds.

Proceeding inland, one reaches the playground in the Valle Giulia, situated just beyond the Piazza del Popolo and the famous Pincio Hill. The area in use here amounts to about 15,000 square yards. The site is in one of the most beautiful sections and most historic of Rome. Near by, the magnificent Borghese Gardens, with their drives and gardens and meadows, are spread out like a panorama from an old painting. The palace in which St. Charles Borromeo lived is just outside the playground on one side, and on the other, the palace of Julius II, now an Etruscan Museum, lends a scholarly atmosphere to the place. In connection with this playground, a problem was encountered, the solution of which shows the attitude of the government toward this work. In the plans now being carried out for the reorganization of the streets of Rome, a street was supposed to cut through the site the Knights had selected. When the attention of the Governor of Rome was drawn to the problem, the Knights were told to go ahead, and the street was changed. Governor Cremonesi evidently is not a man of one iron-clad idea, and Rome is benefiting by his administration.

In the gymnasium at the Valle Giulia playground, the usual equipment to be found in such a building is in use, with this difference, it seems to me. What boxing would mean in an American gym, that fencing means in an Italian outfit. And there may be those in the States who think that fencing is rather too genteel to provide a good substitute. Well, there were those years ago who thought that tennis was intended only for young ladies, and that golf was merely an excuse for taking a hike over a few hills. The answer is the same in every case; try it.

Leaving the Valle Giulia and following the old city walls, one soon comes to the famous church of San Lorenzo outside the walls. It is in the vicinity of the famous old basilica that the last of the series of playgrounds, thus far put in operation, is located. Another site has also been acquired in the neighborhood of the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

The property under playground development at present represents an investment of approximately \$400,000. Recently, however, an Italian engineer who had viewed the work done gave it as his opinion that the value had already increased ten-fold. Certainly the splendidly arranged playgrounds have had a lasting effect on the districts in which they are located. Values could not but increase, and when the value of the surrounding real estate is increased, the value of the playground territory increases in proportion. This feature, of course, was and is not more than an incidental feature of the work, yet it is important in so far as it shows the quality of the administration directing the work in Rome.

Another feature that strikes a casual observer, at least it struck this writer, is the absence of bally-hoo. Though there have been many quiet courtesies exchanged between the Vatican and the Knights and the Government and the Knights, though both the Vatican and the Government have been in practically constant contact with the work, there has been no special advertising, no flamboyant calling of the world's attention to the work of the Knights. Unlike other organizations engaged in more or less similar work, there is no cornering of newspaper headlines. Even in Rome, the formal blessing and opening of the playgrounds received thorough treatment in the papers but not scarehead notoriety. Why does that strike one as favorable? Because it shows that the Knights, and their work, have been absorbed in the life of the place, have become part of it, and are consequently taken as a matter of course. It shows the truth of the statement made by Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty, and quoted in a recent number of the *Columbia*: "The Knights of Columbus did not go to Rome as mere philanthropists. It was not for a gigantic experiment in sociology we went to Rome. It was not merely to help the children of the Eternal City we went to Rome. We went at the invitation of the Holy Father to give homage to the Holy Father and to the city of the Catholic Church."

Not as mere philanthropists is good. Far from entering on the work with an air of offensive superiority and a patronizing attitude, the Knights realized the delicacy of the task demanded of them, realized its complicated problems, and went to school. And their school consisted in observing and studying the character of the people with whom they were to deal and the methods they had already adopted to cope

with their own problems. For instance, one of their points of observation was the great social work organized in Milan by the holy Cardinal Ferrari, a work which need yield precedence to none other in the world either for efficiency or for the beautiful spirit of true charity which gives it life and strength and permanence.

And so the Italians have taken the Knights to themselves. In Rome, between 30,000 and 50,000 children are getting more of childhood's sunshine, developing sturdier bodies and cleaner souls because of what the Knights have achieved. These boys and girls will grow up and other thousands will take their places, for the work has been permanently endowed. What does this mean to us Americans? It means that besides the good that has been done physically and spiritually, besides the happiness that has been created where distress existed before, besides the happiness that has been brought to our Holy Father, besides these and other grand results, there is being laid in Italy, the new Italy, and the no longer weak Italy, the strands of a friendship that will interwind and become stronger as long as there are children in Italy and Knights of Columbus in America.

Cardinal Sbarretti remarked recently, on viewing some of the latest works completed, "This is one of the most beneficent offices ever done for a people in the world."

Cardinal O'Connell has said, "If the Knights of Columbus had done nothing more than erect and install the new Institute in Rome for the spiritual and physical welfare of the youth of Rome, they would well deserve grateful recognition."

Realizing all this, the Supreme Knight simply remarks, "Our great work there has been blessed."

More power to it and to the grand Catholic organization behind it and to the courageous man who so successfully directs it, a man who is a distinct credit to his Order and to his country, Mr. Edward L. Hearn.

Sir Isaac Newton was one of the most modest of men. "I do not know," he said a short time before his death, "what I may seem to the world; but to myself I appear to have been only as a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting himself now and then by finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than the others, while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered beyond us."

Play Square

CHAP. V. WARMING UP FOR THE BIG GAME

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

Early on the morning after his arrival, Wynn was awakened by a knocking at his door. "Hey, youse!" said a voice unmistakably New Yorkian; "the boss says to get up, he's got woik for youse. Make it snappy."

Will arose from his bed in a comfortable but plainly furnished room and after a cold shower in the baths at the end of the corridor which Marty had showed him the night before, quickly shaved and dressed. As he left his room after these matutinal exercises, he was met by a short, wiry individual clad in sneakers, khaki trousers and a sweater of vivid orange.

"Said your morning prayers yet?" asked this apparition tersely. Will Wynn laughed uproariously.

"Whattcher laughin' at?" asked the sweater clad youth aggressively. "I means it, did yer say your morning prayers?"

"Yep, I said 'em," said Will; "made 'em short but sweet. But say, I wasn't laughing at that. I was just wondering if Marty asks all his guests if they have said their prayers or if you take this duty upon yourself because you are the chaplain."

"You're a wise guy, aren't you?" snorted the other disgustedly. "Naw, Marty don't ask everybody if they says their prayers, and I ain't the chaplain. But Mr. Clarty tipped us off that you was a new guy and one of our own. So since most of us guys has to learn all over to say our mornin' prayers like we was taught in the Sisters' school, why I just thought I'd tip you off; if you hadn't said 'em you ought to."

"What do you mean by one of our own?" asked Wynn.

"Why a Catholic, of course," said he of the sweater. "All kinds comes here, so Marty—I mean, Mr. Clarty—tips us off when a new guy is one of ours. Sometimes it's up to us to get a boid back to his dooty."

"I see," said Will, "and do you always succeed?"

"Mostly always," said he of the sweater; "sometimes it's tough goin' though. The foist Sunday Eddie Boike was here I had to pull him

out of bed to get him up for Mass, and I had to knock him cold to persuade him to dress and come to choich with me, and he give me one peach of a shiner before I hit him on the button, b'lieve me. But he went; he goes reg'lar now, and I don't have to beat him up to make him. Says he likes it." And the diminutive champion of the church grinned delightedly. "He's twenty pounds heavier than me at that."

"Well," said Will, "my name is Will Wynn and I'm to be some sort of an assistant to Mr. Clarty. At least that's what Father Dan Dowling planned."

"Excuse me for asking you if you said your prayers," said the other, whistling in surprise. "No guy what Father Dan sends out here needs to be asked that. It's a ten-to-one bet Father Dan wouldn't send him till he loined that. Say, I'm tickled pink to meet another one of Father Dan's friends. I'm a friend of his, too. Say, shake will you?" And with a dance and a sidestep that would have done credit to the best traditions of the twelve-foot ring, the stripling extended his hand in approved pugilistic fashion.

"My name's Joe Baylik," continued the lad, for a mere boy he seemed. "And I'm here training for a big fight in January. I'll be bantam weight champ if I win, and believe me, I'm going to win."

"And if I should win, let it be by the code," quoth Wynn, to see its effect on his companion.

"Righto; that's great stuff and I always fights clean," said Baylik. "But the last two lines ought to be changed for us box fighters."

"What do you mean?" asked Wynn puzzled.

"Why the Spoitsman's prayer ends like dis," said Baylik, "and if I should lose let me stan' by de road and cheer as de winners go by."

"Yes," said Wynn, "go on."

"Well, the trouble with us box fighters is, that when we loses, we can't even see, much less stand by de road and cheer as de winner goes by to his dressing room. Say, de last time I was knocked cuckoo, I couldn't even swaller for two days. Cheerin' would have been some job!" And the stripling fighter laughed merrily at the memory.

"Does that happen frequently?" asked Wynn quizzically.

"It ain't happened for a long time," answered Baylik; "not since Father Dan got hold of me and taught me the Sportman's Prayer."

"How did Father Dan get hold of you?" asked Wynn.

"Say, youse!" exclaimed Baylik, "don't you ever eat breakfast?"

This is no time for telling bedtime stories. Eats is waitin', and b'lieve me, I'm ready to put on de nose-bag right now. Six miles of work and a cold shower is good appetizers. C'mon an' eat!"

He led Wynn out of the building which was evidently used only as a dormitory and made his way speedily toward a plain brick building in the middle of the quadrangle. At the entrance, from which issued savory odors, he paused.

"Say," he remarked, "you'se don't have to eat here wit' me if youse don't want to. Marty said to have you eat any old place you choose today. He's busy wit' a class and will see you after breakfast and put youse to work."

"I like your company," replied Wynn. "Sounds good to hear the East Side English here in California."

"Well, shake a leg, then," answered Baylik, hurrying toward a drum that opened into the kitchen where three men in spotless white, evidently the cooks, were dispensing various viands to a number of men clad similarly to Baylik.

"Grab off a couple o' plates, a cup and saucer and some tools," Baylik instructed him, setting the example as he spoke, by taking various articles from the racks. By tools he evidently signified knife, fork and spoons.

"What shall I order?" asked Wynn.

"Hey! Where do ya think ya are?" asked Baylik grinning. "Youse can oider anyt'ing youse want, but you'll get beefsteak and beans and coffee!"

Sure enough, beefsteak, a generous portion, medium done, a ladle of baked beans, and a cup of coffee, were given alike to Baylik and Wynn when they handed their plates to the cook. Baylik remarked as they made their way to a large dining room:

"Youse didn't pull a boner when youse elected to eat wit' us dis morning. The highbrows gits nothing but fruit and two soft-boiled eggs and toast for breakfast."

"Oh, I see, the diet is prescribed for the different classes," said Wynn. "By highbrows, I suppose, you mean the wealthy class, who are here to renew the strength sapped by lack of exercise and too much business, as also the young sons of wealthy fathers who are trying to make real he-men out of themselves?"

"Righto!" answered Baylik. "There's four dining rooms and kitch-

ens—one for the highbrows, one for the athletes on special diet, one for the sick and down-and-outers, and this one. This one is for guys what is in good shape and can eat a man-sized meal wit' no danger of getting sick or overweight. Of course, Marty has his own place and lots of the staff eats there. His wife's some cook, too."

Baylik led Willy into the dining hall, where at several long tables of hard wood, undecked by a cloth, about a dozen men were seated.

"It's up to us to pick our place for breakfast," said Baylik. Just then a blonde giant hailed them.

"Hey, Baylik," he shouted, "whose your friend? C'mon over and be sociable." Baylik looked over questioningly at Wynn.

"Sure, go ahead," replied Will, laughing, as the latter seemed to find difficulty in juggling his viands without spilling them. Joe deposited his share with practiced hand and then assisted Wynn before proceeding to the formality of an introduction. Once seated he unceremoniously proceeded with that ceremony.

"Fellows," said he, "this is Mr. Bill Wynn, a new man for Marty's staff. Mr. Wynn, this feller on the right is Bucky Dale, the distance runner; the big blonde guy who hailed us is Dooling, the college football foolback."

"Fullback, you," said Dooling chidingly.

"Foolback I said, and I sticks to it," said Baylik, his eye twinkling. "You can't call a guy anything else than foolback who goes onto a field to let twenty other guys walk all over him like you did in your big game last week."

"I am sure it isn't any more foolish than stepping into a ring where you can't even run away and letting another fellow put you to sleep with a punch, as Red Kapman did to you," said Dooling.

"Aw quit the kidding and let me finish me job as social secretary," said Baylik. "The meek-looking little lamb at the end of the table," said Baylik, pointing to a rugged, heavily built man with the undershot jaw of a typical fighter, "is Dick Raftery, better know as the Idaho Grizzly Bear. I'm going to use him for a sparring partner when he gets big enough." Raftery only growled as though endeavoring to live up to his title and Baylik proceeded. "The two guys at the end of the table is the brothers Rutherford—parlor athletes; they plays tennis and golluf. The other six are only bushleague ball players—Grimes, Kelly, Barton, Miller, Gildea, and Shea. The pair that looks so neat and

clean is champeen swimmers; they are oarsmen from dear old Yalevard trying to learn to row a shell without falling overboard as they does regularly. Now that the company is acquainted, go ahead and talk. I'm going to eat." And Baylik fell to voraciously devouring his steak and beans, supplemented by huge slices of bread which he cut from a loaf lying on a bread board and liberally bedecked with butter ere transferring them to his mouth.

"Some sociable secretary," said Dooling, watching Baylik amusedly. "All that boy thinks of is eating. Eats are the chief interest of his young life."

"Only the fact that he is a bantam saves me from wringing his neck," said the Idaho Grizzly Bear. "Sparring partner indeed! Say, the only thing I could use that shrimp for is shadow boxing, he's so skinny."

"Parlor athletes!" groaned the taller of the brothers Rutherford.

"Bush leaguers!" groaned Kelly in echo of Rutherford, "and us in the big leagues for two years past."

"Divers and swimmers!" moaned one of the oarsmen. "Say, Mr. Wynn, my name is Dale. I hope you do not form your judgment of us by what that atom said."

"Wynn, my name is Clerton," said the other. "We'd be happy to see you only that—that—that kissing bug has ruined our day."

"Whadda ya mean, 'kissin' bug'?" said Baylik, looking up from his beefsteak for an instant.

"Ha-ha," laughed Clerton. "I thought that would get you. Mr. Wynn, in addition to being deeply in love with at least two girls, one here and one in little old Noo Yoik, Baylik spends most of his spare time practicing love-making by kissing the canvas of the padded ring."

Thus the banter went on, while breakfast was being disposed of. Will was evidently accepted as one of the crowd and came in for his share of the raillery. He enjoyed the whole thing thoroughly and repaid in kind. As the group was about to disperse he remarked:

"This is sure a democratic crowd. You are all regular guys, I'll tell the world. That is, if—I can believe anything Baylik said."

"The facts he gave are true in the main," said Dooling; "divest them of his personal bias against anything but bantam weight dancers and you have our number."

"This Dining Hall is the Ritz Carlton of Lincoln Athletic College,"

said Grimes, one of the ball players, "and you have found the key, Bill."

"What do you mean? I don't quite get you," said Wynn.

"He means you belong to a select bunch to eat here," said Baylik.

"Then how on earth did you ever qualify?" asked Bill, banteringly.

"He got in on his good looks," said Tom Rutherford. The crowd guffawed, for Baylik was notoriously homely and boasted of a cauliflower ear.

"We call this our Ritz Carlton," said Dale, "because only those who have earned their diploma in adherence to the Sportman's Prayer are allowed the freedom which prevails. Every fellow here has some definite purpose in life—has lived up to the ideals taught here at Lincoln and besides has made good in some sport. Money, birth, social standing, mere athletic prowess, don't count in the least. In other words, the key to this hall is to be a one hundred per cent regular fellow. So Grimes was paying you a high compliment when he said you had the key. I'm sure we all endorse Dizzy's verdict, too."

"Righto," chorused the crowd.

"You are as welcome as the flowers in May any time," said Raftery.

"But now you had better let this half-pint box fighter take you to Marty. He'll be waiting for you."

Baylik led Wynn to the only two-story house in the quadrangle and ushered him into an office where Marty sat at a desk sorting the morning mail. To judge by the bulk of his correspondence, Marty's college was evidently prosperous.

Marty gave Will a warm welcome, inquired how he had slept and where he had breakfasted. When Will informed him, Marty remarked: "You were with the best of my bunch. Each of the men who eat there is warming up for some big game in life. They are all clean-cut, regular fellows, good sports. I'm proud of them. But come, smoke a cigar, and then I'll show you around and explain the duties you are expected to fulfill. Go inside and talk to the Missus while I finish the mail."

Marty had introduced Will to his wife and son the night before. Wynn had found Mrs. Clarty a buxom, cheery woman, who looked on herself as the mother of every man in camp. Marty, Junior, was a lively lad of ten, the dead image of Marty, Senior. So Will felt no embarrassment in passing through the door that led from Marty's office to his home proper. Mrs. Clarty welcomed him and bade him seat

himself in the kitchen and smoke, whilst she worked away at the first preparations for the noon-day meal. She chatted vivaciously with the newcomer, and informed him that he had passed inspection on the part of herself and Marty, Junior. So she declared that he was not to be quartered with the "students," but was to share Marty's home. Will delightedly expressed his thanks. Mrs. Clarty demanded his trunk checks and dispatched the man-of-all-work for them. As Marty appeared to claim Will, she gave her husband a hearty kiss and bade Wynn run along and not worry about his room, as she would have everything ready for him on his return.

"You have a jewel of a wife, Marty," remarked Will as they wended their way into the grounds.

"I'll say I have!" replied Marty. "God bless her! She is one great pal and helpmate. I never would have made the grade without her help. The love and trust of a good woman is a wonderful thing."

"I know it—I know it," answered Will. "I didn't appreciate the one God gave me."

"Forget that!" said Marty sharply. "Now let's move. We have a lot of ground to cover and you have a lot to learn today. You can have this afternoon and evening off, but tomorrow you get down to work."

"Suits me perfectly," said Will. "The sooner the better."

Marty spent the morning showing Will about the place and explaining his duties in detail. Will gathered that he was relied upon to act as a sort of head coach, supervising the assistants in every sport, seeing that the training rules were kept in the minutest detail, and that the principles of sportsmanship were practiced by all. He saw, too, that Marty had not exaggerated the extent of his activities. Over six hundred men were under the care of Marty and his wife. This number, of course, included assistant coaches or professors, as Marty styled them, and the general help. However, Marty insisted that the big rule of the Sportman's Prayer guide every man, teacher, pupil and employee.

More than once Wynn gasped in delighted amazement as some new feature met his eye or was explained by Marty. The buildings were principally dining halls, dormitories and gymnasias. For every good feature Marty gave credit to Father Dan, although Wynn could see that Marty himself never failed to profit by the teachings of experience and had added many improvements. To his surprise he found a chapel included among the buildings. It was simple but chastely beautiful. Before a spotless wooden altar, a red lamp burned.

"Why," said Will amazedly, "Marty, I thought the red lamp burned only where the Blessed Sacrament is kept."

"Yes," said Marty, "I saved that as a surprise for you. Though we are not worthy of it, the Blessed Sacrament is kept here, and a priest says Mass for us every Sunday. Far more than half the men are Catholics, as a rule, and the Bishop, who had been told all about our work by Father Dan, gave us this wonderful privilege and assigned a priest from the Seminary to come here Sundays to say Mass."

"You certainly are blessed," said Will. "I hope the fellows appreciate this."

"They surely do," replied Marty. "You'll hardly find a man in camp who does not sneak in here quietly for a few prayers every day. They idolize the priest, who is only four miles away. They've bought him a fine car and they do everything they can to show their love. He refused a collection or salary, but they collect privately and ship a big donation every month to his superior. Sometimes we have a priest, who needs building up, spend a week or two with us and then almost the whole crowd hear Mass every day."

"Gee, it's wonderful!" exclaimed Wynn. "I feel almost as though I were in the same house with God."

"Righto!" answered Marty, "and believe me, it helps a lot to keep a fellow up under hard knocks. There's a lot of money in this game, but the work is hard and I wouldn't stick a day if I didn't think somehow, as Father Dan tells me, that I am working with and for Our Lord."

"Well," said Will, "all I can say, Marty, is, I'll make good or die trying."

"I have no doubts about you," replied Marty curtly. "If I had, or the wife had, you wouldn't be given a share of our home, or be asked to assume the training of all under me. You're on your own beginning tomorrow morning. I'm going to let you work out things, just as I did, though I'll give you all the help I can. After all, experience counts for something, even though ideals are the best assets. You'll have a free hand and plenty of assistance, with none of the burdens of financial worry. I'll take care of the business end of everything. So go to it, pal! Good luck, and God bless you!"

"But," objected Wynn, "isn't that crowding you out of the part of the work you really love and tying you to a desk the greater part of the time?"

"Not on your life!" answered Marty. "Remember, I have five more places, on a smaller scale, of course, to oversee in this sovereign State of California. Besides I have to direct a lot of my boys who are out fighting the battle and ask me for help. This is only for a time. From what I gather, Father Dan intends Lincoln College only as a warming up process for the big game of your life. You won't be here more than a year at most. That is, unless you decide to come back here later in life."

"Gee, I'd like to stay here forever!" exclaimed Will.

"Well, we can't always have what we want," said Marty philosophically.

"Let's go in; Mary must have dinner prepared by this time."

Left to himself, but nevertheless under the watchful guidance of Marty, next day Tom Brawley or Will Wynn, as we know him now, began his work of learning himself, and teaching to others the ideals of the Sportsman's Prayer as applied at Lincoln College.

Though his work was pleasant it was no sinecure. He had kept in condition as far as possible in prison, but he found for the first month that many of his muscles needed training before he could hope to be an all-round adept at every form of athletics as he had been in days ago. However, he spared himself not at all and soon found, despite his added years, the old skill and agility returning. Heart and soul and body he put into his work. His old time winning disposition made for him friends of assistants and pupils alike. The weeks and months sped by and he was warming to his work, or as Marty put it, "warming up for the big game."

Occasional letters from Father Dan were full of encouragement and cheer. The good priest told in detail every step in the lives of Mary Brawley and her brother, Tom. Each word the father eagerly devoured and as he toiled and labored incessantly to attain his ideal, he felt that the greatest moment in the big game of life for which he was preparing, would come when the good priest in New York would declare him worthy to proclaim his parenthood and clasp to his heart his own flesh and blood from which sin and misfortune had separated him so long.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

People who strike in the dark may mean well, but they seldom hit the right spot.

Catholic Anecdotes

CHARITY'S CALL FIRST

A beautiful story is told of Lady Augusta Stanley. One day when she was dressed for a reception at the queen's palace, a messenger came in great haste from one of the hospitals. A poor woman, whom Lady Stanley had often visited and comforted, was about to undergo a painful surgical operation. When the surgeons came to perform the operation and told her of it, she begged that Lady Augusta should be sent for.

"If she will hold my hand," said the woman, "I can endure it."

Lady Stanley was just leaving to attend upon the queen, but throwing a cloak over her rich dress, she hastened to the hospital instead. She sat down by the poor sufferer, spoke to her a few brave, cheerful words, and then held her hand until the operation was finished.

This incident illustrates the way we should always correspond to Christ's call for ministry to any of His little ones. No matter how busy we are, when a sufferer needs us, all must be dropped, that we may go quickly on love's errand. We may be trying to get needed rest, hoping nothing will disturb us, but if human sorrow or pain needs us, we must give up our rest. The Master's errands to His little ones are always FIRST duties. We dare not neglect them, nor can we postpone them, for they cannot wait our leisure.

THE MAN WHO FOLLOWS

"One day an old umbrella mender brought his skeleton frames and tinkering tools into the alley back of my office. As he sat on a box, in the sun, mending the broken and torn umbrellas, I noticed that he seemed to take unusual pains, testing the cloth, carefully measuring and strongly sewing the covers.

"'You seem extra careful,' I remarked.

"'Yes,' he said, without looking up; 'I try to do good work.'

"'Your customers would not know the difference until you were gone,' I suggested.

"No, I suppose not."

"Do you ever expect to come back this way?"

"No, never!"

"Then why are you so particular?"

"So it will be easier for the man who follows me," he answered in his simple, kindly way. "If I put on shoddy cloth or do bad work, they will find out in a few weeks, and the next old umbrella mender will get the cold shoulder, the stony stare, the bull dog and the gate."

NEVER LOSE YOUR NERVE

If you are going to die, do it with your boots on. Here is a war story that still has point. A young doughboy was brought in from the field to the hospital. He was a splendid specimen of young manhood. The surgeon examined his wounds, shook his head and sought the chaplain.

"The boy cannot live," he said, "and I think it best that you tell him so."

The chaplain went over to the doughboy's bed, leaned over and whispered:

"Doc is a little discouraged, Buddy; doesn't think there is much of a chance. Is there something I can do for you, old man?"

"You mean I'm going West?" the boy asked weakly.

"But he didn't say how soon, you know. Probably—is there some word you would want sent by me personally? You know—I'd do it. Isn't there something I could do for you?"

The boy understood. He pointed to his coat and said between painful breaths:

"My inside pocket."

The chaplain got the coat, felt the inside pocket and extracted a pocketbook. When he held it up, the boy nodded.

"Open it," he said.

The chaplain found it contained a ten-dollar bill.

"What shall I do with it?" he asked.

The boy smiled grimly, as he answered: "Bet you ten dollars that I don't die."

The boy won.

Pointed Paragraphs

OUR HOLY FATHER'S PLEA

A letter has been addressed by the Holy Father to all Catholics of the world. Every Catholic should read it. It regards our Catholic brethren in Mexico now under severe persecution. The letter reads:

"Daily very sad news arrives about the condition of the Catholic Church in Mexico, where, under a form of hypocritical legality, there has developed a true and real persecution of the Catholic religion by the government of that unfortunate nation. Whilst other religions are given the most ample liberty, that same liberty is denied to Catholics in a manner which would be a dishonor to every civilized people.

"The Pope recalls the expulsion of the Apostolic Delegate under false and calumnious pretexts and the expulsion of priests and nuns for their religion in the most inhuman manner, as accorded only the most vulgar criminals.

"Colleges and seminaries have been closed to priests, or unacceptable conditions imposed for the exercise of their ministry. The same churches from which the priests were expelled were occupied by the civil authorities under the pretext that they were abandoned.

"The Pope recalls his horror, expressed in the Consistorial Allocution of Dec. 14, 1925, and his request for prayers for Mexico. Now again he asks such prayers and fixes August 1, which is the feast of St. Peter in Chains. This feast is a reminder of St. Peter's deliverance from prison in the first persecution of Christians, thanks to the prayers of the whole church which were offered for him.

"Therefore, the Pope hopes that by such universal prayer, God will deliver the Mexican Catholics from persecution and that their persecutors will be pardoned."

FLAMING YOUTH

The title may be deceptive. It is generally used to characterize that part of our American youth that is known as flapper and shiek, and that finds its way into our daily papers, which of itself is a very

doubtful publicity, because only crime, immorality, graft and moral laxity seem to get any notice there. This portion of our youth is flaming—but with passion and lawlessness.

But this is not all of our youth. Pitiable should be our country were it all. It may be all that the newspapers tell about.

There is another "flaming youth"—youth flaming with enthusiasm for nobler and higher things. Their representatives were gathered recently in the Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade at Dayton, Ohio. This was the fifth annual national convention of the organization. It gives us a very encouraging glimpse of our young people.

Here were young people, young men and young women, representing almost all our Catholic schools and colleges, drawn together not by sport or amusement, but by one consuming interest: the Missions and the spread of the Faith.

THE DAILY PRESS AND THE CONGRESS

That the spiritual significance of the Eucharistic Congress did not fail to impress the daily papers may be seen from the comments that appeared in the columns of journals in all our larger cities.

"The Eucharistic Congress of the Roman Catholic Church is a magnificent demonstration of the vitality of faith," declares the *Denver News*.

"Thus the Eucharistic Conference," says the *New York Sun*, "has made new opportunity for Christians of all sects and for non-Christians by turning the minds of all to thoughts of the great mysteries with which faith alone can cope. It is an opportunity larger perhaps than any hitherto offered to the people's pastors."

"One of the most remarkable religious demonstrations that Americans have ever witnessed, it has enlisted the particular interest of many who are not of the Catholic Faith," declares the *Providence Journal*.

"No wonder," says the *Baltimore Sun*, "the most progressive nation in the world paused for a few hours from its varied tasks of commercialism and trade, from its politics and its pleasures, to view this amazing demonstration of vitality on the part of a religion that dates back nearly 2,000 years, that has, directly or indirectly, dominated ruling peoples of the earth during the greater part of that time, which has

singularly influenced history for century after century, and which may be said almost to have directed the course of events in many controlling fields of thought and action."

"It argues well for the vitality of the Catholic Church in America," states the Cleveland (O.) *Plain Dealer*, "that such a convention as this is possible. From this Congress as from a flowing well of inspiration will come influences to make the United States a better country in which to live. A leaven of Christian thought is carried by a million churchmen to all parts."

"When 170,000 women gather for one ceremony," observes The Fort Worth *Record-Telegram*, "it is something more than a news item. It is the largest gathering of women recorded in history. It is good for us to have such colossal evidences of the spirit of worship of a Supreme Being. The ceremony is one of the outstanding events of this generation."

A COMMENDABLE MOVEMENT

The Church, as ever, is deeply concerned with souls and today as ever she realizes that education is the keystone of the future.

But more than ever we must come to realize that education is not confined to the school-room. More powerful even than mere school-room instruction, especially for the building up or tearing down of character, are the indirect influences of the State and the Press. Our youth is a play-going youth, our youth is a magazine reading youth. And their elders show the lead.

The great movement, then, for Catholic Education must advance in a triple phalanx: Stage, Press and School.

The School is already well organized; at least, we are entitled to hope that everywhere it is on the road to its highest development.

The Press also has for a long time received due attention at least from the serious minded, far-seeing men who are leading the Catholic Press. And, judging from the subscription lists of the monthly magazines and weekly papers, the great Catholic public is beginning to see the vital importance of supplying the home with good reading. We grant this, even while we recognize that there is room for improvement.

The Stage? For a long time hardly anything was done except to denounce it as if it were beyond redemption. We are beginning to

remember that the modern stage had its cradle in the Church of the Middle Ages. But recently this negative policy has yielded to a wiser positive policy.

THE CATHOLIC THEATRE MOVEMENT

The first of these agencies is the Catholic Theater Movement of New York. At the head of its Bulletin the purpose of this organization is thus outlined:

"Organized for the purpose of determining and maintaining the Catholic standpoint with regard to the theater; its activities to be directed toward developing the conscience and sentiment of Catholics in their patronage of the theater."

This strikes the right note surely, especially if we consider how widely it has been said: supply follows demand. The best way to reform the stage, then, is to reform the demand by enlightening and strengthening the conscience of play-goers.

In the Foreword of the April Bulletin we read:

"The Reformation of the Stage?—such is not the pretentious mission of the Catholic Theater Movement. Its message is for the individual patron of the stage through whom must come, if at all, a reformation of the stage. The efforts of the legal authorities to restrain flagrant indecency in the theater have been heartily supported.

"But, from the first, now and always, what the Catholic Theater Movement has tried to do and will persist in trying to do is to remind the individual Christian man and woman of obligations imposed by their own faith and convictions which cannot be disregarded in making a choice of public amusements."

The Bulletin quotes the eminently sane words of Cardinal Hayes:

"The Stage is a human institution, not to be destroyed, but improved, developed, and protected especially against its enemies behind its own curtain, against writer, manager, and actor whose ideals are not based on the good, the beautiful, the pure, the just and the right. Real reformation in every agency comes from within, though exterior stimuli may be needed to urge it. No amount of pressure from without, however, can stay the operation of the law of decay and death, if the source, the force and the power of the drama be not above low and degrading instincts."

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help TO THEE DO WE FLY!

Once again has the round of days brought us to the celebration of the Feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. True to their traditions, Redemptorists everywhere held a special Novena in her honor and in preparation for her feast. And now, we can again read the reports of the many mercies of this Blessed and good Mother.

Thus we have the report from the Mission Church, Boston, Mass., before us. "It was a magnificent demonstration of filial love and confidence in Our Blessed Mother. The throngs that approached the altar each morning to receive Holy Communion must have rejoiced the heart of Our Lady. And just this was the measure of the Novena's success—the reawakening in hearts of the Love of God through the influence of Mary. Our Blessed Mother has once more graciously heeded her children's supplications; again she has drawn many to the Heart of her Son, thereby fulfilling her office of co-redeemer of mankind. * * * "Only on the Day of Judgment will we know what miracles of grace were wrought during the Novena through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Other cures of bodily infirmities there may have been, too, and we would gladly know them in order to help spread the love and veneration for our Immaculate Mother."

Thus the report, in part, of the Novena at Boston.

Similar reports have reached us about the Novena in St. Louis. Nor were less enthusiasm and devotion shown at the parishes in Chicago. Indeed, the record of petitions received during the course of the Novena at St. Michael's Church, Chicago, is ample proof of the fact that Our Blessed Lady has many devout clients there. During this Novena there were 285 intentions of a general nature; 209 special petitions, covering the entire range of human sufferings, spiritual and temporal; 195 petitions for the poor souls; 112 special and public thanksgivings for favors received; 151 requests for prayers for a cure of some disease or some bodily ailment; and—something new in the line

of petitions—over forty petitions for the success of the great Eucharistic Congress.

Added together these petitions and thanksgivings number over one thousand. And when we remember that not every person sends in a petition, we can well figure that the devotions must have been well attended. The usual number of persons taking part in the Novena at the Rock Church, St. Louis, always numbers well up into the thousands.

We can, then, easily draw our conclusion: Mary, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, holds a place in the hearts of the faithful which is truly astounding. No wonder, then, that we multiply her titles in the Litany of Loretto! No wonder, then, that we can truly say, at all times: "To Thee do we fly!" And there must be a response on her part, too, just as we still have the many miracles at Lourdes and other shrines, otherwise these Novenas would soon lose their popularity. But as it is, they are the surest proof of the tender maternal care Our Blessed Mother has for every one of her children who has recourse to her.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"I thank you, dear Mother, for relieving me of severe pains in the throat and chest on the second day of my novena."

Nothing is so sad as the cry: "I am useless." Happily none need ever be so. A kind word, a gentle act, a modest demeanor, a loving smile, are as so many seeds that we can scatter every moment of our lives, and which will always spring up and bear fruit.

"Only a seed, but it chanced to fall
Into a cleft of a city wall,
And, taking root, grew bravely up
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

"Only a thought, but the work it wrought,
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit a hundredfold."

Catholic Events

Cardinal Bonzano, on leaving Chicago July 8, gave the apostolic blessing to "city, state and nation." He repeated that the Congress was the greatest manifestation of religion he had ever witnessed and added:

"Pope Pius will be happy when he receives my report regarding the Eucharistic Congress. For, he above all in Rome, was sure, and so stated before I started for the Congress, that the promise of Cardinal Mundelein of a million communions would not only be fulfilled but would be exceeded."

* * *

The letter of Pope Pius XI calling upon Catholics all over the world to pray for the Church in Mexico, was issued almost simultaneously with the new regulations of the Mexican government which remove the last vestige of religious freedom remaining in Mexico.

These new regulations are to go into effect on August 1, the very day on which the Holy Father has asked the prayers of the faithful.

More drastic than anything that has yet been promulgated, the government in its statement declares that the new regulations "define violations of the constitutions and in some cases go a little further than the constitutional provisions and give them more strict application."

While primary, elementary and high schools, both public and private, have long been unable to give religious instruction, the new regulations provide additional penalties for those who violate this prohibition.

A new effort will be made to close all convents and monasteries, because "the Mexican government cannot tolerate the theory that the freedom of man may be sacrificed through a contract for work, teaching or religious vows." Heavy penalties are provided for the punishment of all violations and evasions.

Finally the result of the new regulations will be the virtual muzzling of the press.

Mexican Catholics are being called upon to organize in defense of their religious rights. This organization will be effected through the League of Religious Defense, and will be orderly and in every way within the law. It will extend to every part of the country. The Archbishop of Mexico has, through his secretary, sent the following circular to all the churches:

"To the rectors, vicars and chaplains of the archdiocese: The Most Rev. Archbishop, by decision of this date, has directed that I inform you, that since it is of the highest importance that Catholics organize in an orderly manner and within the law in order to defend their rights; and since the harmonious and disciplined action of the faithful is necessary to this end, you are earnestly to exhort them to

enlist in the League of Religious Defense, so that by working in unison, as God wills, the desired results may be obtained."

The Archbishop of Puebla has likewise issued an order exhorting the Catholics to remain obedient to lawfully constituted authority but to stand up for their rights. He appealed to them in particular to accept their just responsibilities during the forthcoming elections and to cast their votes for candidates who pledge themselves to work for just laws.

* * *

Federal troops were used in Durango to drive the Sisters of Charity from the civil hospital where they have long served as nurses. No nurses were sent to replace them and the patients were abandoned, without food or drink, until some charitable women from the town came in to care for them. When they arrived at the hospital they found one of the women patients dead.

A delegation of fifty business and professional men have called on the President to protest this action.

* * *

The Mexican Government is using its consular service in the United States to flood the country with misinformation regarding the Catholic Church in Mexico. An 18-page booklet has been sent for distribution, containing articles that would do credit to the most rabid Ku Klux Klan journal.

* * *

New Zealand, one of the youngest countries in the Church, which was represented at the Eucharistic Congress nearly 9,000 miles away, by the oldest Bishop in point of consecration in the world, Archbishop Redwood of Wellington, consecrated 52 years ago, is a land of flourishing Catholic Faith.

At the present time there are in New Zealand four dioceses, three hundred priests, a provincial seminary, sixteen hundred religious teaching in efficient and up-to-date schools and in charge of many charitable institutions, and a Catholic population of 180,000 out of a total of 1,400,000.

* * *

At the Presbyterian general assembly for all Ireland, just held in Dublin, both the newly elected and the outgoing moderators paid graceful compliments to the Catholics in Southern Ireland for their attitude towards Presbyterian ministers and their flocks.

The Rev. Dr. Hanna, newly elected moderator, said: "We Presbyterians are not aware of any religious disabilities. Government patronage has been distributed fairly among all."

* * *

Mother Mary Alphonsa Lathrop, O. S. D., daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, but more widely known and loved for her own achievements in the realm of Catholic charities, died July 9, at Rosary Hill Home, Hawthorne, N. Y., an institution she herself founded for the care of penniless cancer victims. Heart disease was the cause of her death.

Mother Alphonsa was 75 years old at her death. Men and women of all creeds had praised without stint her long service for suffering humanity, which was rendered without qualification, except that the patient be incurable and poor.

Mother Alphonsa, as a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, was of the Unitarian faith. She was married in 1871 to George Parsons Lathrop, also of that faith, in London. For years literary work filled their lives, Mrs. Parsons being a writer of short stories and articles on various activities. Their only child, a son, died in boyhood.

In 1891 both of the Lathrops renounced the Unitarian faith and were baptized Catholics in the Paulist Church, New York. The announcement created a storm of public discussion.

Some years afterward, Mrs. Lathrop again astonished her friends by announcing that she would devote the rest of her life to the aid of cancer sufferers. Mr. Lathrop died in 1898. Establishing herself in a dingy New York tenement house, Mrs. Lathrop took up her work. The struggle was severe, but eventually she had her own house where the sufferers were cared for.

In 1899 she took the veil as a nun. With four companions she established a cottage where 17 cancer patients were taken care of. Then there arose a five-story building in Jackson Street which was named St. Rose's Free Home for Incurable Cancer. Cardinal Farley dedicated it.

As patients increased, Mother Alphonsa and her companions organized the Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer, which was incorporated into the Dominican Order with Mother Alphonsa as Superior. After thirty years, the Order now has facilities capable of caring for 200 persons, with two houses in Jackson Street, New York, and at Hawthorne, N. Y.

Mother Alphonsa was active until her death. Her institutions were conducted wholly by individual gifts. When she needed money, she said so in the newspapers, giving the specific thing for which it was to be used. She usually got it. Contributions of late came from many parts of the country. She invariably insisted on caring for the worst cases in the home herself.

The community she founded now has 27 Sisters, three novices and two postulants.

* * *

In two years the International Catholic Guild of Nurses has developed from nothing to a membership of nearly a thousand with members in 257 cities of the United States, as well as in Canada and Europe, it was revealed in reports submitted at the third annual convention of the Guild held in Chicago.

* * *

The Bishop of Brooklyn has just announced that there will be opened in Brooklyn next fall, six diocesan high schools in which tuition and books will be free. Three of the schools will be for boys and three for girls.

== THE == Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian," Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

Please publish in the Liguorian about the thirty consecutive Masses for the dead as revealed to St. Gregory and ordinarily known as Gregorian Masses.

Origin: As we read in the Dialogue (Bk. IV. c. 55) of St. Gregory the Great (Pope from 590 to 604), he ordered thirty Masses to be said on consecutive days for the monk, Justus, who had died. The Masses having been offered, Justus appeared and declared that he had been freed from Purgatory. This event and similar later occurrences, as recorded, brought the practice of thirty Masses to high esteem among the faithful as early as the eighth century. Various Popes issued decrees regarding the practice, condemning abuses and declaring the legitimacy and utility of it. It arose consequently from the desire and usage of the faithful, rather than from any Church pronouncement.

Value: A declaration of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, issued March 15, 1884, says: "The confidence with which the faithful hold that the offering of thirty Gregorian Masses is of special efficacy for the liberation of some poor soul from Purgatory, is pious and reasonable, and the practice of offering these Masses is approved."

It does not say that it is an infallible means of securing the immediate release of the soul for whom the Masses are offered; nor does it say that it is the best means. Indeed, in this as in indulgences in general, the actual effect depends on the Wisdom, Justice and Mercy of God.

Conclusion: That which moves the Mercy of God especially to grant our requests, is, on the one hand, the intercession of the Saints, and on our part, the earnestness of our prayer and desire to help some poor soul. This is shown by the faith manifested in our prayer and the spirit of sacrifice connected with it. To have thirty Masses offered, in imitation of St. Gregory, is a means of securing his intercession, and an evidence of faith and sacrifice. But it

is not the only evidence nor necessarily the best; nor is it the only way of securing the prayers of St. Gregory.

As the offering of thirty Masses on consecutive days may often be attended with many inconveniences and may interfere with the request of others in some special and urgent need, it would be well to come to the aid of our dear departed in other ways of equal efficacy,—for instance, by having the thirty Masses offered as soon as possible at a privileged altar.

Would you be so kind as to tell me in your Question Box what "O.S.B.," "K.C.S.G.," and "C.Ss.R." after priests' names stand for?

The title "K.C.S.G." is not appended to priests' names. It means: Knight Commander of St. Gregory. This is one of the Pontifical Decorations which the Holy See confers on laymen of outstanding service for society or Religion. This order of honor was established in 1831 by Pope Gregory XVI, and placed under the patronage of St. Gregory the Great.

"O.S.B." signifies Order of St. Benedict and means that the priest using it is a Benedictine Father. "C.Ss.R." signifies Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer and is used by the Redemptorist Fathers.

Where can I obtain a relic of St. Teresa, The Little Flower?

This has been answered before. Write to any of the Carmelite Monasteries of this country or to Lisieux. That would probably be the only way you could get one.

Are the Poor Clares (cloistered) stricter than the Carmelites?

It would be difficult to say. In regard to the cloister,—the complete shutting out from the world,—they are about the same. In regard to other severities, such as fasting, abstinence, habit, etc., there is little appreciable difference. So that much would depend on the individual's character which he would find the more austere of the two.

Some Good Books

Christian Mothers—Saviours of Society. By Rev. Patrick Griffith, C.S.S.R. Published by Browne and Nolan, Dublin.

Wishing to bring home to Christian Mothers the dignity, power, and responsibility of motherhood, the Reverend Author has composed this book of some 70 pages. In each of the ten chapters he has selected as an object lesson some outstanding example of true Christian motherhood, beginning with the Blessed Mother of God and including among others St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, Anna Cavaliere, the mother of St. Alphonsus Liguori, Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis of France. In the life of one and all he has traced the potent influence the Christian mother has exerted upon her son and through him upon society.

America's Story. A History of the United States for the Lower Grades of Catholic Schools By William E. J. Kennedy, Ph.D., and Sister Mary Joseph, Ph.D. Published by Benziger Brothers. List price, \$1.08.

Teacher's Manual — to accompany above. List price, 15 cents.

We regret not having noted this textbook earlier but hope we are still in time to allow those who have in hand the introduction of textbooks in our parochial schools to procure and examine it before the new school term begins. They will find it splendidly gotten up, profusely enriched with illustrations and maps, and interspersed with suggestions for pupil and teacher. While some may at times take exception to the material selected for treatment and emphasis placed, we consider it all in all an excellent textbook and well worth investigation.

Teacher Tells a Story. Book One. By Rev. Jerome D. Hannan, D.D. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$2.00 net.

Here we have a series of 182 stories for the teacher to tell day by day to the children. They are story-lessons in Conduct and Religion, designed for the children in the primary grades. We are

assured these stories are not in the experimental stage but have actually been used by the author in teaching religion in the elementary grades of a large city school. So successful was the method that schools throughout the Pittsburgh diocese requested and used multigraphed copies.

The Second Part of the book contains "Teachers' Helps" with suggestions for developing the lessons derived from the stories, for dramatizing them, and for silent reading. In this as well as in the preceding part we note the exceeding care and thought that have been given to the preparation of this volume.

Prohibition. By Lucian Johnston. Published by the Universal Knowledge Foundation, 19 Union Square, West, New York.

A pamphlet of 15 pages, reprinted from the Catholic Encyclopedia. After laying down his definition of Prohibition, the writer states the General Principles upon which any solid consideration of the question must be based, traces the History of Prohibition both in the United States and in Europe, and closes with a discussion of its relation to the Mass. Here is a pamphlet that deserves wide circulation and reading.

We are pleased to bring to the attention of our readers the following publications of the Eucharistic Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. *Frequent Communion for College Men.*—*Frequent Communion for Freshmen.*—*Frequent Communion for Seniors.*—These are three pamphlets giving personal experiences with frequent Communion; by students of the University of Notre Dame. (\$4.00 a hundred). *Neglect of Divine Calls and Warnings*—an excellent sermon by Cardinal Newman on Judgment. (\$4.00 a hundred). *Perseverance*—a Treatise on Character for College Men. (\$4.00 a hundred). *Temptation is not Sin*—a six-page leaflet on the psychology and theology of temptation. (\$1.50 a hundred).

Lucid Intervals

A professor was giving a lecture in a small town hall and was warming up to his subject. He wound up in this manner: "Man, as we have seen, is a progressive being but many other creatures are stationary. Take the ass, for example. Always and everywhere the ass is the same creature. You never have seen, and never will see, a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment."

Rufus said to Rastus: "See heah Rastus what you-all do to make that mule do so many tricks? Ah just can't git mah mule to do no tricks nohow."

To which Rastus replied: "Well, yo' see, you-all must know mo' dan de mule."

"Nigger," warned one, "don't mess with me kase when you do you is shor flirting wid de hearse."

"Don't pesticate me nigger," replied the other shaking his fist; "don't force me to press this upon you kase if I does, I'll hit you so hard I'll separate you from mazin grace to a floating opportunity."

"If you mess with me nigger," cried the first, "I'll jes make one pass and there'll be a man pattin your face wid a spade tomorrow morning."

Rastus' alarm clock had stopped. He shook it and a dead cock-roach fell out. "No wonder that clock stopped," mused Rastus, de engeneah is dead."

Prosecuting Attorney (to opponent) — "You're the biggest boob in the city." Judge (rapping for order) — "Gentlemen, you forget I am here."

A Scotchman stepped up to a bar and asked for a drink of his favorite whisky. As he raised the glass to his lips, he closed his eyes and then drank, apparently in a rapture of joy.

A friend standing next to him asked him why he had closed his eyes.

The Scotchman replied: "Hoot, mon! When I see me favorite Scotch, me mouth wathers, an' I dinna like to doloot me lickier."

A speaker at a minister's meeting in Boston told the story of a negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him that he must not send any more appeals. His next communication was as follows: "This is not an appeal—it is a report. I have no pants."

Mrs. Baron had just moved into the neighborhood and had not yet become acquainted. Consequently, she was somewhat surprised, upon sending an order for a roast of lamb to the nearest meat dealer, to receive the following note in reply:

"Dear madam, I am sorry I have not killed myself this week, but you can get a leg off my brother (the butcher at the farther end of the town). He's full of what you want. I seen him last night with five legs. Yours respectively, Joe Schultz."

There's a suburban home whose owner's principal delight is in keeping it spick and span. After dinner he and a guest were smoking on the front porch. The guest, after lighting his cigar, threw the burned match to the ground.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, George," said the host.

"Why not?" asked the guest, surprised.

"It spoils the appearance of a place," was the answer. "It's just those little things that make a place look bad."

The guest smoked his cigar in silence for a minute. Then, without a word, he got up from his chair, walked down to the road and disappeared. He returned in a short while and his host asked:

"Why, where have you been, Georgie?"

"Oh, I just went down to spit in the river," said George.

The following sentences appeared in the small boy's letter to his chum:

"You know Bob Jones' neck. Well, he fell in the river up to it."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

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